

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

FROM OUR MISSION ROOMS AT NEW YORK.
INDIA.—We have received a late date just at hand from Mr. Dr. Butler, and from Rev. J. L. Humphrey, from which we learn that the missions are generally in good health. Bro. Humphrey writes that he thinks "the work of our mission is progressing favorably; the brethren are giving themselves zealously to their work." There is a passage in his letter which awakens our tenderest sympathy; it is this: "I have had a desire to know that Mr. Humphrey could not pass another summer in the plains, and I am now, I fear, fast becoming a fact that she cannot live in the hills. I am just now starting for Nynee Tal, our Sanitarium, as she is ill. Should her work now be done in India or in this world, she would not regret having come to India. Her labors will be done, and gone, before she leaves us. She has acquired a thorough knowledge of the language; has translated, and composed more than forty beautiful hymns, that have been highly spoken by some of the best judges of such productions in this country. She now has a small work for children in readiness for the press. Besides this, she has taught a number of females how to read, one of whom has gone out to teach her countrywomen."

REV. W. W. HICKS.—This brother, with his family, are expected in the Scotia, whose time of arrival in this port will be the 10th or 11th inst. They were to have left Liverpool on the 20th of August.

A PRAYER.—Each member minded his own business—Each man, provided that every member of his congregation may have at least the chance to do something. A minister of the Baltimore Conferences writes us: "I am desirous of doubling my subscriptions for missions this year. The circuit is pretty strong, but the mission cause has never been properly placed before them. I am going to do what I can for it. I pray of [Rev. F. D.] Tracy's envelope, and give one to each family in each appointment, so that the members of each family can give something. I bless the Master for the continued prosperity of our missions, and will pray for the two women just sent to India."

THE BETHEL SHIP AND THE LATE CAMP-MEETING.—The Scandinavians, as usual, had their tent from the Bethel Ship on the ground, and it proved the birth-place of persons of other nationalities, as well as several of their own. Six persons are reported as having united with the church in the ship during the past week.

OF BUREAU OF KONG.—N.—Sister missionaries write as follows: "Bro. Kong died at Koi Hung, twelve miles from Fushan, China, May 24, 1863, in the forty-first year of his age. He was an acceptable inquirer and learner of the Christian doctrines for a year past. He was baptized and received into the Methodist Episcopal Church just twelve hours before his death. His last hours were peaceful, with a calm and unwavering trust in the Saviour."

LENDING TO THE LORD.—Sister S. A. have been forced to part with a unknown friend, India, to take it, containing fifteen dollars for the Missionary Society. She says: "I have been proving for years that it is safe lending to the Lord, and although to many it may seem doubtful, I know that 'There is that scattered and yet increaseth'."

UNITED STATES ARMY HOSPITAL.—See from what sources offerings come for the cause of Jesus Christ our Lord. Rev. A. Proudfit, chaplain at the Lowell General Hospital, Portsmouth Grove, R. I., sends the following: "Please find enclosed \$15 for the use of Mr. M. E. Evans, a colored Christian, who is custom to devote the first Sabbath evening of each month to the subject of missions, and collections then made I send to the mission boards of the different denominations in rotation."

THE "GOOD NEWS" AND THE ARMY.

Rev. Dr. Wise, Corresponding Secretary of the tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

DEAR BROTHER.—Your appeal to the churches in behalf of the soldiers and the *Good News* is most true and timely. Perhaps we should say untimely; for it is a burning shame to the church that it needs such an appeal at this hour to incite it to this present course.

We ought to have known this work at the beginning of the war. It ought to have led its sister church in this enterprise, as it has in sending its members and clergy into the army. What precious opportunities have been lost through our negligence!

Thousands upon thousands of brave heroes have given up their lives, while we have let them down, and they have died without offering even a fainting soul a morsel of the bread of life.

God only knows how many our criminal neglect has eternally sacrificed.

But though too late to save the dead, we may yet put forth an effort to rescue the living. A half a million of soldiers are yet within our grasp. Weakness and baseless fear have taken hold of us. We send them clothing and other comforts in profusion. Why do we withhold this covering and comfort of the soul? It may be said that our efforts are put forth in another channel; that we send them religious tracts, and a few sermons, some come to the altar as seekers after religion, and some of them were converted from the error of their ways to truth and righteousness.

Half-past seven.—Bro. C. King addressed the people from John x. 9, saying, "Behold, ye servants of God, who are in a spiritual travail this afternoon, he would now show the door to each."

The speech delivered by Hon. Charles Sumner, at the Cooper Institute, New York, on Thursday evening last, on the relations of this country with England and France, is one of the most important ever addressed to an American audience. Probably no man in the country is so well acquainted with the principles that regulate our Foreign Relations, and so well able to discuss them. Even our Secretary of State is hardly an exception. Though the general reputation of Mr. Sumner as a statesman has been made otherwise, we think intelligent, observing men will agree that his merits in the matter now under consideration are scarcely inferior to those which are more generally recognized by philanthropists.

The speech also has an importance by reason of the official position of its author. He is one of the leading supporters of the present Administration, is Chairman of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Affairs; and it is scarcely to be supposed that he should deliver such a speech without the private approval of the President and Secretary Seward. We can hardly err in calling it a "semi-official" production.

It was not the voice of Charles Sumner, but of Mr. Lincoln's Administration; it was not addressed to the congregation that had gathered at the Cooper Institute, but to the United States to England and France; it was an appeal to the civilized world in favor of civilization, international justice and peace.

The orator is peculiarly fitted for the task he has undertaken. He had previously received the sympathy of Europe and especially of England by his opposition to slavery. Probably no other American in the anti-slavery controversy has been so well known and admired abroad. British philanthropists have regarded him as the Wilberforce of America. With what force then does he appeal to them with reference to the moral treason to humanity, of which these are guilty who now grant their sympathy and assistance to a system which they are boldly denominated a *peaceful institution*.

Elsewhere Slavery has been an accident; here it is a principle. Elsewhere it is the inspiration.

Elsewhere it is a spiritual evil.

Elsewhere it is a temporal curse.

Elsewhere it is a political curse.

Elsewhere it is a social curse.

Elsewhere it is a national curse.

Elsewhere it is a divine curse.

Elsewhere it is a hell curse.

Poetry.

For Zion's Herald.

MY SAVIOUR.

By L. A. Lee.

My wandering footsteps went astray,
And needed not the narrow way;
My thoughtless lips forgot to pray
To thee, my Saviour.

My blinded eye no love could see,
No beauty find, nor grace in thee;
Nor weep that thou didst die for me,
My only Saviour.

The spirit touched this heart of mine—
Revealed my need of help Divine—
Showed me that thorny crown of thine,
My bleeding Saviour.

My burden then I could not bear,
And heavier grew my weight of care;
In vain I sought relief in prayer
Ours, thy Saviour.

But now I hear thy blessed command,
As weeping by the cross I stand,
And place in thine my trusting hand,
My precious Saviour.

O, am I thus thy pardoned child?
I see thy sweet face reconciled,
And bade thy scepter mild,
My chosen Saviour.

Henceforth my first desire shall be
In all my ways to honor thee,
Remembering thou hast ransomed me,
My own dear Saviour.

Wayland, Mass., Aug., 1863.

For Zion's Herald.

MADNESS.

By E. P. FULLER.

Why should sin be madness styled?
—Though the reason run not wild,
Though it prove with logic strong
Self-destructiveness of wrong,
Still men sin—more mad than they
That have lost the reason's ray!

Sin is madness!—Though but woe
On its many branches grow,
And its bitter fruit be tasted
In health, happiness, hope wasted,
Or such lessons soon forget,

Conscience, with a scorpion-thong,
Lashes recompense of wrong,
Shadow o'er the soul with fear,
Will sinners persevere!
O! for such an evil frame!

Madness is too light a name!

Men have tested holy pleasure,
Soon and handled heavenly treasure,
And they found the smallest worth
All the joys of sin on earth—

Yet, they bartered heavenly bliss!

Ah! what madness equals this?

Madness!—even that sad plea,
Sinner, cannot serve for thee!

Hast thou listened to her voice,
Reason would have checked thy choice,

Would thou wert mad; and thy case,

In the Judgment, meet for grace!

Sketches.

THE WORLDLY MAN AT CAMP MEETING.
A Leaf from an Unpublished Volume.

By MRS. C. M. EDWARDS.

Mr. Biisy did not go home and tell his family that the camp meeting was coming near to them. He feared they might think he had an interest in it; which was certainly the truth. The fact was, Abel Biisy had a fit of moral restlessness. It was not the first time, by any means; he was subject to them at that season of the year. To him, as to others who live in rural districts, the shore fields and withering herbage were reminders of that winter of life whose spring lies far beyond the ken of human vision. Something like the following question would intrude on his meditation: "Of what avail will it be that I have gathered treasures here, and made for myself a commodious habitation, if, as they say, I have no mansion in that wonderful house wife reads about on Sunday?" And then the worldly man would try to rouse himself from such dull thoughts, but in fact only lull himself back to his wonted carnal security of worldly thoughts and purposes. But somehow, since his acquaintance with Miss Porter, there had been a strange longing to drink of that cup of holy trust of which she drank. He believed in her religion, and wished from his soul that he knew how and where she got it.

Like others who are wilfully ignorant on the subject, had most erroneous ideas of camp meetings. One was that they went into the woods for the purpose of working off a supply of noise and uproar, in order to leave no more than could be managed at prayer meetings. Now it seemed to him like a sort of spiritual "faire," where there were vendors of divers kinds of faith, and perhaps under Jessie Porter's teachings a fellow might get the genuine article.

It is said that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks"; so it proved that notwithstanding all Mr. Biisy's resolve, before the supper was over he had let the cat out of the bag, and the family were all on tiptoe with hopes and plans for going. "I suppose a camp meeting is some like a pie-nic," said Lillie to Edwin, who sat next her at table. "Eddy, said low and quiet as usual, did not say what he thought of it; but Jim, whose mind was like a bottle of yeast, burst out at once:

"A pic-nic! pic-nic! It's no more like a pic-nic than the Blue Hills is like that plate of taters. It's more like a general muster than anything else."

"How do you know, Jimmy?" asked the mother. "O, I've heard tell," said Jim reluctantly.

"Do we have great guns that makes the house shake?" asked Charley, who had heard his grandfather tell of a grand military parade he helped to make.

"Great guns! yes," replied Jim, "and they shoot 'em down like blazes, wish we hadn't had our play day, could walk over them well enough."

While the family were discussing the pros and cons of the question, Mrs. Biisy stepped quietly away to her closet and whispered to an open ear desire to avail herself of that means of grace with her family, and returned just in time to hear her husband say they had a plenty to do, before the snow fell, without wasting time in going to any kind of muster; and he looked at his wife expecting she would say something, but she answered never a word.

We have not time to tell of all the hints and fables of questions that were given to Mr. Biisy by his family the two weeks preceding the camp meeting. As Abel said, they had it for breakfast, dinner and supper; not for the whole meal, but a little side dish or condiment that they approached carefully and touched sparingly. What troubled Abel most of all was that his wife did not touch it at all—did not seem to see it; and yet he saw that amidst all her labor there was a quiet gathering together and repairing of their well worn best suits; and as after being cleansed they hung on their respective nail-s in the bleak open room, they each seemed to echo the words of the Christian maiden when he first heard of the meeting: "Let us go and see what blessing may come of it; for we are sure that God is waiting to bless us."

Three days before the commencement of the meeting Mr. Biisy could stand it no longer having the thing settled. Coming into the house, after calling on his friend Carter, who was merely gone, he said, to carry Cousin Jenny, he burst out with: "If you are going to the camp meeting, wife, why don't you be making some pies and things to carry?"

"Then you mean to go, Abel?" replied his wife, turning with a grateful smile toward him.

"I mean to go; now that isn't a good one," said he, coloring, "you know that you have meant to go, all the time, and it's so doing myself."

"I meant to go if I could, husband, for I think it would be a benefit to Nannie."

"Suppose the rest would like to go; they have talked enough about it," and Abel glanced at the row of Sunday clothes to see that each had a suit.

Yes, all was ready, and in due season provisions were prepared, and the Biisys were counted in with the tent's company that went from the town of —.

It was arranged that the eldest son and daughter were to keep house in the absence of the parents, alternately going and returning every day, that all might have the pleasure of going. Little Nannie, the poor crippled child, was to stay in the tent. Miss Porter had kindly offered to take care of her.

And now, gentle reader, I would gladly tell you of the camp meeting that I know how, but I don't. As Jenny said, they had "great guns" there, which did good execution, for the "slain of the Lord were many." There were skilful archers, too, who as they bent their bows sent arrows of conviction to guilty hearts. Then there were "fishers of men" who with gospel bait lured many a lover of pleasure into the praying circle. In short it was just such preaching, praying, singing, good brother and sister, as that in which you were first pricked to the heart and joined the praying army. Just such hardened sinner, as thou hast listened to and resisted scores and hundreds of times until, alas, it is proving a savor of death unto death. Hast thou forgotten precious soul, the thrill and the quake of that hour, when like a Felix thou wast almost persuaded to be a Christian? If so, go again to yonder encampment this year, and see that thou grieve not the Holy Spirit, as it waiteth to seal thee to the day of redemption.

But of that camp meeting and the worldly man who attended it, I must tell you. Unfortunately he took the world with him there, and as he sat and listened to the most persuasive arguments in favor of an immediate surrender of himself with all his burdens and perplexities into the hands of Jesus the Saviour of men, and his whole soul yearned for rest, quick and rapid thoughts of home and home labors rose before him, reminding him that the walls of his new brick house were still unfinished, and that there was a general stand still of human events over which he had supervision. Away would go Abel Biisy with a heavy heart, and a fearful eye just at the moment he ought to have staid, and by the time he was fairly in the highway for home, strange cords were pulling him back to the tent. The next day, as he and wife kept house for Eddie and Lillie to go, the poor man had kept no labor for labor, for as he had been at home at camp meeting, while he was at home; and never a brick was laid, or a piece of land ploughed, or anything else done, except to wander round and listen to his wife, as she sung low and softly,

"I little thought he'd be nigh,
Till speaking made me smile and cry."

And thus passed the week. Mrs. Biisy openly professed the Christ she had so long loved. Two boys applied for a place in a gentleman's store. One was older than the other, and had some experience in the business. He was a gentleman's son, and well dressed. The other boy was the only son of a poor widow. His clothes were well mend, but perfectly clean, and his face had a quiet, honest expression. The older lad came recommended from a gentleman highly esteemed, the merchant decided in favor of the widow's son, quite to the surprise of every one. A circumstance, which seemed trifling in itself, had influenced him in making this decision.

The two boys came together at the hour appointed, and the merchant was on his own doorstep at the time. The younger boy, as he stepped on the sidewalk, crossed the street, and as he stepped on the sidewalk, his foot slipped on the icy stones, and she fell in the half melted snow. The elder boy laughed rudely at her sorry appearance, the water dripping from her thin, ragged clothes, but the child began crying instantly, and searching for the four pennies she had lost. Her eyes met those of the boy, interested to see if he would help her search for the lost coins. The boy found in the snow, the other two were probably in the little icy pool beside the curbstone. William bravely stripped up his sleeve and plunged his hand down into the water, groping about till one of the missing pennies was found, but the other seemed hopelessly lost.

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